

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King, recorders.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.  
King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence  
Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)  
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand  
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.  
King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.  
War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.  
P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.  
P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none

abroad? How doth the King?  
Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?  
Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy,  
Hee'l recouer without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)  
Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.  
Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will please your Grace to goe along with vs?  
P. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,  
Being so trouble some a Bed-fellow?

O pollic'd Perturbation! Golden Care!  
That keepst the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,  
Yet not so found, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee who'st Brow (with homely Biggen bound)  
Snore out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit  
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,

That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,  
There lyes a downey feather, which stirres not.

Did hee suscite, that light and weightlesse downe  
Perforce must moue? My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,  
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuor'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,  
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,  
Which (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,  
Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,  
It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,  
As 'tis left to me.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.  
King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?  
War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your

Grace?  
King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords)?  
Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who vnderooke to sit and watch by you.  
King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee

see him.  
War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee  
stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my  
Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it  
heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:  
Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so hasty, that hee doth suppose  
My sleepe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes  
With my discafe, and helps to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:  
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt.

When Gold becomes her Obiect?  
For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers

Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,  
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vpon  
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchiued Gold:

For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inuest  
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:

When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower  
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with War,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Bees,  
And like the Bees, are nurrthered for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engrossments,  
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.  
Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,  
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,  
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,  
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife  
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?  
Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry).  
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.

P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.  
King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.  
Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chaire,

That thou wilt needs inuest thee with mine Honors,  
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouerwhelme thee,  
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,  
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres  
Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.  
Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'd'st me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,  
To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?  
Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,  
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy eare.

That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse

Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:  
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.

Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:  
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees:

For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.  
Henry the first is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,

Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsaillers, hence:  
And to the English Court, assemble now

From euery Region, Apes of Idlenesse.  
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:

Have you a Russian that will sweate? drinke? dance?  
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit

The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.  
England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:

For the Fifth Harry, from curb'd License pluckes  
The muzzle of Refraint; and the wilde Dogge

Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.  
O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)

When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,  
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?

O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,  
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants).

Prin. O pardon me (my Liege)  
But for my Teares,

The most Impediments vnto my Speech,  
I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,

Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so farre: There is your Crowne,

And he that wears the Crowne immortally,  
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,

Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,  
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,

Which my most true, and inward dutious Spirit  
Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending:

Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,  
And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,

How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faigne,  
O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,

And neuer liue, to shew th' incredulous World,  
The Noble change that I haue purposed.

Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)

I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)  
And thus vbraided it. The Care on thee depending,

Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,  
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.

Other, lesse fine in Charact, is more precious,  
Preseruing life, in Medicine potable:

But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,  
Hast eate the Beareer vp.

Thus (my Royall Liege)  
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,

To try with it (as with an Enemie,  
That had before my face murder'd my Father).

The Quarrell of a true Inheritor,  
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,

Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,  
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,

Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,  
Giue entertainment to the might of it,

Then  
Let heauen, for  
And make me  
That doth wit  
King. O m  
Heauen put it  
That thou mig  
Pleading so w  
Come hither  
And heare (I  
That euer I sh  
By what by-p  
I met this Cro  
How troublef  
To thee, it sh  
Better Opini  
For all the ky  
With me, int  
But as an Hon  
And I had man  
My gaine off  
Which dayly  
Wounding su  
All these hold  
Thou fegst (w  
For all my Re  
Aching that  
Changes the  
Falles vpon th  
So thou, the  
Yet, though t  
Thou art not  
And thy Fri  
Haue but thei  
By whose fell  
And by whose  
To be againe  
I cut them off  
To leade out  
Least rest, and  
Too neere y  
Therefore (my  
Be it thy cour  
With Forraig  
May waste the  
More would  
That strength  
How I came  
And grant it  
Prin. My  
You wonne it  
Then plaine  
Which I, with  
Gainst all the  
But health (a  
From this bar  
My worldly l